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THE OLD SALT'S WISH

AIR—*The Sea, the Sea.*

BY WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE

I.

Tho sea, the sea, the glorious sea!
There let the graves be made for me:
I would not lie in a barren ground,
But where the rove waves play around;
Or the mountain-billows proudly roar
Their battle-notes to the fearful shore!

II.

My life has been on the wild blue sea,
On open, broad, brave sea-floor,
And there I would in the cool brown
That mermaids wreathe my home with flowers,
While mermaids sing in the second Day:
"We feel shall perform the old Tar's duty."

III.

O glory, glory now I know
That above me tides shall ebb and flow,
All else from every mortal land
Of the lying, cheating, carping band,
Until I shall hear the trump of God,
And rise undoffed by the sordid sod!

IV.

No worms shall in my body feed—
For "the keepers of the deep" their guest,
But the beautiful fish shall welcome be
To make all they can in their home out of me,
While the jolly wind of the sunny East
Sings a jovial song o'er the Ocean-feast.

V.

And if that doctrine should prove true,
That the soul arises out of the animal core,
Mine will not be a waste of the land,
But there have a dwelling be more grand:
O'er perhaps, in the breeze and gale
I shall follow about in some glorious whale!

VI.

The sea, the sea, the glorious sea!
There let the grave be made for me:
I would not lie in the sordid ground,
But where the rove waves play around,
Or the mountain-billows proudly roar
Their battle-notes to the fearful shore!

THESEUS,
THE HERO OF ATTICA.

A LEGENDARY STORY OF ANCIENT GREECE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT THESEUS DID.

It was soon evident that the lions had scented their prey. Their roaring was angry and persistent, and the poor victims fancied that they could hear the gnashing of the deadly teeth.

"We can do nothing," said Glaucis. "We are dead to Athens forever."

"We will kneel here, and close our eyes to the fearful sight," murmured Andromeda.

"Wait," said Theseus. "If the lions come all together, our fate may be a hard one; but if they have order in their coming, and come not too fast, we may escape."

"It cannot be," returned Glaucis. "The gods are not with us, and scarcely so human power can withstand the monsters."

As Glaucis ceased speaking a roar more terrible than any which had preceded it rent the air, and a cry of alarm went up from the assembled maidens. Andromeda, with two others, sank upon her knees and bowed her head, while the rest, with three of the youths, fled towards some of the narrow dark passages.

Again the awful roar shook the mountain, and presently a lion appeared, emerging from one of the passes. He was a huge beast, his thick black mane giving him a look of fearful ferocity, while his eyes gleamed like balls of fire. He lashed his sides with his sweeping tail, and his flesh-dagging teeth were exposed, ready for the work of death. Theseus threw his mantle from his shoulders and wound it closely about his left arm, and then he drew the sword which Aulchus had given him.

"My brothers," he cried, as he felt the glad weight of the priceless weapon, and saw the keen eye along its keen, sure edge, "you see that the gods have not entirely forsaken us. Stand as you are, and leave this beast to me."

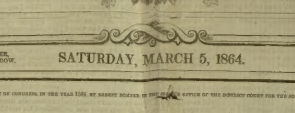
With bold, fearless step the son of Ægeus approached the lion, and when he had come to within a few paces he stopped. The king of beasts had evidently never before met anything of the kind before; for he gave a startled growl and moved back a pace. When he saw the keen, fixed glance of Theseus' eye he crouched low down, as though to watch for prey, and his glance was removed before he advanced. There were other lions close at hand, and our hero knew there was no time to lose. He saw that the beast before him was crazed, and no moment of this uncertainty must be taken advantage of. He marked the spot where he would strike, and then he called on the gods to help him. As though in answer to his prayer, the lion turned his gaze upon the kneeling maidens, and on that instant Theseus whipped his left arm, and sprang forward. The beast faced his terrible jaws upon the thick swathing, but he did not close them with full power, for the broad-bladed sword was buried to the hilt in his throat, the point having gone through his heart. In a few moments Theseus shook the teeth of the dying monster from his arm, and arose to his feet.

"One of the twelve is slain," he said, as he wiped his dripping blade upon the mane of the prostrate beast.

"But the sword—the sword," cried Glaucis. "Where came it?"

"It came from the hands of a blessed spirit," replied our hero; "and if the gods did not instigate the gift, I verily believe they smiled upon the deed."

There was no time for further remark, for at that moment another lion made his appearance. He was larger than the first, and came with more ferocity; but when he met the keen flash of Theseus' eye he stopped, and his mane drooped.



IN THE LABYRINTH.

"Son," exclaimed the son of Ægeus, without removing his fixed gaze; "these beasts cannot understand the use of a sword. Determine upon the quivering, frightened wretch would be as likely to die here, and each one have only been slain."

The youthful hero leaped upon the crouching lion, and drove the faithful blade deep into the seat of his life. Once the beast gained the feet after the blade had fallen, but Theseus threw him back by main strength, and plunged the sword again into his body.

A second lion made his appearance in that same place, and he was slain in the other had been; after which Theseus drew up the others thread, and moved on again. No voices of the Theseus as something more than mortal.

But there was no time for rest. The lions had discovered the whereabouts of their prey, and were moving towards the spot. The third made his appearance with the cry of terror was yet upon Andromeda's lips, coming in where the first had come. He stopped as he emerged from the narrow passage, and gazed around as though he would select the largest of the assembled morsel offered. Presently, however, he caught Theseus' eye, and hesitated. He had met his master, and he seemed to know it. He growled, and his tale stopped its lashing. His tawny mane drooped down and offered the bandaged arm; but before the gleaming teeth could be set upon it, the keen sword, cutting the air like a flash of light, was buried in his vitals.

"There are but nine left," cried our hero, as he came more erect to his feet. "O, my brothers, forgot not the gods in this hour of need."

Another, and another of the hungry beasts came, and Theseus was ready to meet them. His heart fainted not; his arm failed not; and his trusty sword was true to its aim. Eight of the lions came into that amphitheater, and there they died. There were four more, and their anger roars could be distinctly heard, though they were without at some distance off.

"We will wait here no longer," said Theseus, "for it is now near noon-way, and I would not go towards the close of the day,—and the other lions may not all come during the night time. Those beasts have evidently been in the habit of having their prey rush into their deadly jaws, and they have had to some of us, or we surely must surely come their way. Follow me, and we shall be likely soon to find them."

"We must trust to fate in our selection from these passages," said Glaucis, gazing around him with a bewildered look.

"Fear not," replied Theseus. "The blind spirit which hath helped us thus far will not desert us while we trust in it. Come, let us follow me."

Our hero had seen his sisters thread running away into one of the narrowest of the passages—a pass from which four of the lions had emerged—and having moved to that point he picked up the clue, and proceeded. Glaucis and the other maidens would have shrunk from the dark passage, but the assurance of their leader gave them courage, and they followed on. There were many windings, and at length the lions ceased, and his companions express the fear that they were going wrong; but their guide simply bade them follow on while their feet found open space before them. At length they came to a other sophisticates, and just as the maidens were following the youth they discovered a huge lion and his appearance upon the opposite side.

"Look," cried Theseus, pointing with his sword. "See how the beast quails before us. These monsters, so terrible when their presence strikes the victim with palsy, are not so openly bold when upright man meets them without fear."

"Ah," suggested Glaucis, "the beast sees the sharp sword, and that surprises him."

"I think not," answered Theseus. "The brute knows not the power of this weapon. He simply waits for us to turn our backs."

But, pursued Glaucis, should your sword fail you, even for an instant, the lion would kill you."

"Yes," admitted our hero, "the consequences which might follow."

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"Yes," admitted our hero, "the consequences which might follow."

"But you would not be so cruel as to leave us?" said Glaucis, with a look of pain.

"My good Glaucis," said Theseus, "you shall now take the lead, and plan us through this labyrinth. Or no,—we will follow them."

Glaucis would have refused the distinguished post, but, seeing that the garden had been visited at his suggestion, he could not well resign the proffered place; so he took the lead, and wandered off through the broadest path that presented itself, Theseus bringing up the rear. By and by the end of the garden was reached, and Glaucis found himself confronted by a perpendicular wall of solid rock. Near at hand stood a tall tree, and having climbed to the top of this he discovered that the garden was of irregular shape, and that in all beyond it was a wall which even his then elevated position would not permit him to look. He came down and reported what he had seen.

"If such is the case," said one of the youths, "you had better lead us back to where Theseus had brought us."

"Glaucis said he would do so at once; and Theseus he started to retrace his steps; but in a very short time he found himself at a halt. He came to a point where three paths, exactly alike, led off in different directions. He stood in the middle one, and when he reached the wall of rock he discovered before him several narrower openings like the one from which they emerged.

"Perhaps not!" he cried, when he had recovered himself that he was utterly lost. "Let Theseus take the lead, and I will offer no more remonstrance."

"With a smile our hero once more placed himself at the head of the party, and his first movement thereafter was to turn back to the center of the garden, from which point he took a new course, and soon found the way to another section of the wall. Here, as before, there were found numerous cavernous openings, but the guide did not hesitate. He entered one by the side and boldly onto, and when he reached the wall of rock he discovered before him several cavernous openings like the one from which they emerged.

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"O, ye gods!" she cried, "deliver me from this cruel captivity!"

"And if the gods do not deliver you, what will you do?" asked Theseus.

"I shall be dishonored if I become the wife of any of Egypt," replied the princess; "for I——"

She stopped, and pressed her hands over her heart.

"I was going to say," she added, "that I am solemnly pledged to the hero of Attica; but, alas, he is dead."

"I could see nothing from the tower, my lady," said the youth who had spoken to her.

"Though you cannot believe it," said Ariadne, helping her attendant out with the sentence.

"You have spoken my thought, dear lady. When I saw that the ship which bore Theseus lobstyleh, I cannot believe that mortal men can live in the midst of it."

"Enough," uttered the princess, controlling herself with a powerful effort. "The worst has come. I am prepared. I must obey my father as I promised. I will go to Egypt, and never bear me from those shores; nor shall he possess me by force. If I am cabin and resigned, it is because the conviction is strong in my soul that the gods have forsaken me. Come, now. Now hasten, and be with me when I go to my father."

From that moment Ariadne was firm. She knew that she could not successfully oppose her father in this first step; but she was resolved, come what might, that she would never go to Egypt with Scrapis. She arranged herself in her richest attire, and as she appointed them the walking-women were with her to conduct her to the great hall.

The marble hall of king Minos' palace was in the centre of the structure, the walls, and the roof, and the pillars being all of the whitest and purest marble. About the throne were twelve pilasters of amethyst, and the hangings were of

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

purple cloth, elaborately adorned with gold and precious stones. Minos was in the chair of state, and upon his right hand sat the king of Egypt, while upon the pastoral throne were assembled the priests and the chief men of the city.

An exclamation of admiration burst from the lips of the Egyptian as he saw Ariadne enter the hall. She was indeed resplendently lovely, attiring her attendants as the full moon outshines the stars that gather about her.

By his gods Osiris and Isis," cried Sesostris, "I never beheld such beauty before! A new light will shine in my palace; and in I look to his warmth of love I shall remember with decency and gratitude the king of Crete. The enemies of Minos shall be the enemies of Sesostris, and Minos' friends shall be his friends."

This speech pleased the Cretan king, and he forthwith commanded his daughter to approach the throne. The maiden had taken but a single step in answer to this summons when the proceedings were interrupted by the hasty and unceremonious entrance of Gallo, the keeper of the labyrinth.

"Ha, Gallo," cried Minos, impatiently, "what means this unusual intrusion?"

"Sire," replied the keeper, advancing and kneeling at the foot of the throne, "I have news of the utmost importance to communicate."

"Speak, speak, Gallo. What is it?"

"Sire, your laws are all slain, and the Athenians are free."

"No, no," exclaimed Minos. "Not all the lions."

"Yes, sire. I have seen the twelve dead bodies."

"But the Athenians have not found their way out from the labyrinth."

"Yes, sire; and even now they are in the court of your palace."

"Then by the gods!" cried King Minos, starting to his feet, "there must have been some treachery. They must have bribed you with gold."

"Sire, they could have had no human guide."

At this juncture one of the aged priests seated near Minos addressed the king:

"Sire, wonder not that this thing hath been done. It hath been told to us that Ariadne should produce a son who should free his people from the burden of that terrible tribute."

"Gallo," spoke the monarch, "who led the Athenians forth from the labyrinth?"

"No youth called Theseus, sire."

"A king his killer at once," said Aeacus, given this order, Minos turned to the place where stood his daughter surrounded by her attendants. Had he been less occupied by the startling announcement of the keeper, he would have noticed the wonderful effect which was apparent upon the face of the princess; but he read no thought save of wrath there.

"Ariadne, you may retire for the present—you and your attendants."

Then he turned to Sesostris.

"My royal brother, you will pardon me for this delay, but I must see these Athenians. By the King of Hades there is something mysterious in this."

"So there is," responded Sesostris; "and I am curious to know the secret. A few hours of waiting, under such circumstances, will not make the peerless maiden less welcome to my arms."

The princess did not wait for a second command from her father. She hastened away, and before she reached her private chamber she discovered an assemblage of her friends.

"Quick, quick, behind them, Ariadne," whispered Daphne.

"To my beloved!" cried Ariadne, with determined resignation. "I now have a goal before me. Listen to me, Theseus, for this is no delay" and with this she placed her hand upon her attendant's arm, and began to explain what she would have done.

In the meantime King Minos had seated himself for the appearance of the Athenians; and when they came in, Theseus walked directly to the throne.

"Then art Theseus, the Athenian?" said Minos, scarcely daring to look upon the noble youth with an expression that partook more of envy than it did of admiration, for he was not to not represent all of the latter emotion.

"My name is Theseus, and I am of Athens," replied one hero. Those who stood around were moved by the sound of his voice as no one might have been moved by a sudden strain of sweet, majestic music.

"My keeper tells me that the twelve lions of the labyrinth are dead. Was you slew them?"

"I slew them, sire."

"How didst thou slay them.

"With a weapon which was upon my person when I entered the labyrinth—a weapon, whose blade which I carried beneath my dress."

"But the companions behind thee?"

"No, sire; there was no need. I gave myself to the work, fully believing that I alone would bear me out. I was a voluntary member of the tributary band, and it was my purpose to lift the fearful burden from Athens. I have done it now that I believed. I was destined to do it."

"But the labyrinth," cried Minos, betraying some excitement; "how did you thread those intricate mazes so successfully? Did you not have some assistance from one who knew the secrets of the place?"

"I think I did, sire."

"Then there has been treachery!"

"I think, sire, that I have comprehended the sentiment of some god, or goddess. A bright presence, so beautiful as Venus, and with wisdom like Minerva, appeared to me at midnight, while I lay in your deep dungeon, and gave to me the understanding which enabled me to come forth from the depths of the wonderful labyrinth. More than this, sire, I cannot tell you."

Minos turned to the Egyptian King and asked him what is the morality of it.

"To me," replied Sesostris, "it is very evident that the Athenian youth has had the assistance of heaven, and it would be unwise to detain him."

"You are right, my brother. The hand of an immortal is in he world, and I dare not believe to interfere. I will at once send the Athenians on board their ship, and allow them to return to all their native land. We will see them off, and then the captains shall be celebrated."

Minos arose and announced to the Athenians that they were free, and that they should return to their ship as soon as they had partaken of refreshment. Then he sent for his herald, and directed that they should proclaim through all Crete that the tribute from Athens was to be paid no more.

Theseus and his companions were conducted to the banqueting hall, where provisions in abundance were placed before them, and when they had eaten sufficient, the King met them in response.

"Athenians," he said, "not on my account shall you leave Athens away from Crete. We are to have festivities here, and your presence would please us."

Theseus spoke in reply:

"Sire, it would give us equal pleasure to remain with you were it not that in our native land there are many anxious ones, whose hearts are now bleed, and who shall be comforted when we return. And yet I have one favor to ask. May we not go on board our ship, and there rest until the night cometh; for I have taken a vow that I would not spread the sails for our return until I knew that Egypt was prosperous."

"Surely, noble Theseus," answered Minos, with a gracious inclination of the head, "I can refuse thee no favor of that kind. The waters of our harbor are free, and your ship may sail thereon as long as it may please you."

The Cretan monarch summoned the Athenians to the landing, and before they left he gave to Theseus some presents, and also a scroll, describing forth the things that had been done, and also proclaiming the freedom of the city of Athens from further tribute of human life. Theseus promised to deliver the message, after which he reminded Minos that when he arrived in Crete he had a sword with him which he could not afford to lose.

"You will find every article on board your ship," returned the king.

With this assurance our hero bade Minos farewell, and then directed his companions to go into the boat which was waiting for them. They did so, and the boat was separated; and yet Theseus did not leave the land.

"Wait with me for it!" said Ariadne.

Theseus made no reply, but continued to gaze upon the receding vessels of the Athenians, now smoking. Presently a boy came towards him, and called him by name.

"Do you see yonder rock?" asked the lad, as he came near him.

Theseus looked in the direction pointed out, and replied that he could.

"Be there when the stars are lighted. Ariadne sends the word."

And with this the messenger turned and has tened away, but not until Theseus had promised the fairness of the girl who had accompanied him from Athens.

"I am ready now," he cried, as he stepped down and joined the boat. He soon reached the ship, to see if there might not be some further message from Ariadne.

When they reached the ship their crew welcomed them back with shouts of joy; and when going into the cabin they found every thing ready for the voyage. Theseus, however, waited impatiently for the sun to disappear, and as soon as the stars began to twinkle above, the heavens he caused the boat to be manned by four of the sailors, and pulled away. When he came to the rock he stood at the helm, he steered for the rock which had been pointed out to him. As he drew near he could see the shore he hoped for, with many a figure moving upon it.

"Ariadne," he cried, in eager tones, "art thou here to bless me?"

"I have not yet proved false, dear Theseus," replied the maiden, leaping forward from the shadow of the rock.

"Art thou ready to go with me to Greece, sweet love? With those new thy home in Crete, and trust thy future with me?"

"I do but for the expression when I leave these shores," the princess replied, as she rested her head upon his supremely in my breast. I am sent

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

house, or the bagnio. His studies are carried on in such retreats."

Needless of this aisle in the dark from the gaze lately chastised by him, the Adventurer calmly took his seat in the lecture-room. There was a great array of rank, fashion and beauty to hear him discuss with the learned men, all of whom were forced to yield the palm to him in the various subjects discussed. An address of the most flattering character was made to him by the president of the college, accompanied by the more substantial gift of a diamond ring and a purse of gold, and he retired amid the applause of the audience, to rest awhile from the laurels he was heaping gained by him.

Versatility, however, has its dangers, and the man who can do most things better than his fellows is never without his detractors. At the balls in the ashes of Paris there were those who could compare with the Adventurer in the many dances. The ballet of the fashionable world wrangled for him, fencing each other with their harmless foils in a way wonderful to behold; and as a natural consequence, the beaux hated him with a bitter and intense hatred. His "subtle horsemanship" excited the ire of his perfumed worshipers, and his musical accomplishments embittered the heart of that. A strong clique, at the bottom of which were the jealous wife's dentists, was formed against our Adventurer, and he bowled in the midst of Paris like a tornado, and left it one fine morning to try his luck at Rome.

And there too, his thirst for glory led him into difficulties. In that stronghold of Italian art he lunged the professors to insult with him on many subjects in their own native tongue. They did so, and went down one after another. Other laurels were gained by the Adventurer from the pupils of the Academy of Music. Malignity arose out of the envy of the old and jealous professors of them, and pasquinades of the day by the envious schoolmen were aimed at him by the envious scholars. He lodged at the sign of the Falcon, and one of the pictures of the inn-sign he can thus—

"If you would see (his strange thing that he has come among us) go to the Falcon, and you will be shown to you."

His adventures at Rome at length got the better of him. One against many is no safe match; and so fiercely did he contend with the bandits and the yellow Tiber, and made his way to wakes-ledge Venice.

Here many other things, at Venice, our Adventurer learned however, and delivered a very elegant oration in praise of the Queen of Venice, which was rather popular for a while. See how like the world she was three hundred years ago was to the world of to-day. Lectures on the tuneful nothings, and speculations of the theories of the day.

But the wish-away ways of watery Venice did not long suit our adventurous young hero, and to Mantua next he bent his wandering steps. Here an exalting opportunity offered for distinguishing himself in a physical way. There was a certain gladiator under the patronage of the Duke of Mantua—a renowned and formidable swordsman, who had slain in the fight the two best fencers in the place. This was long ago; nobody of late could be found to fight him, and he went gloomily about Mantua, bleeding for blood, and living on high fare in the duke's kitchen. To meet this person in the scene our Adventurer addressed himself with purpose. It was necessary for him to obtain an introduction to the Duke of Mantua, and this was the means at thus. He posted a placard—placards were a specialty at that time—offering to fight the newly and redoubtable gladiator of Mantua for fifteen hundred crowns. Now this was a large sum, and so much money at his command, a circumstance which involving the fashionable Mantuans, he was invited with the Duke, who sent for him, entertained him with a splendid banquet, and made a grand feint of fighting—was to meet him for to back his dead. Fighting was a very gentlemanly amusement then than it is in these our degenerate days. The Adventurer met the duke's host, in a street quite deserted for the occasion, and in presence of a great concourse of the Mantuan nobility. The contest was fierce but brief. Three thrusts did the Adventurer pass his sword through the body of the doomed gladiator, who, fought bravely to the end, but long then the terror of the lists, fell dead at last, the sword of his antagonist going through his heart. There was great joy in Mantua at the result of the combat, for the gladiator had long been the terror of the town. He was the conqueror pocket the fifteen hundred pistoles! Not at all. He caused the sum to be divided among the widows of the three persons formerly slain by the duke's gladiator. He presented himself, by two master-strokes, the most popular man in Mantua.

The Duke, who was scarcely pleased, it is said, at having got rid of his champion in such a long-man, for the comparatively small sum of fifteen hundred crowns, now took our Adventurer into his household, as director of the studies and pastimes of the young Duke Vincenzo di Gonzago, heir to the ducal throne—a youth of wrongful and disreputable life. Much labor was lavished upon this young man by his youthful tutor, but in vain. The boy's death, even, was resorted to as a vehicle in which to carry him from the paths of dissipation and vice. The Adventurer got up private theatricals at his palace, with Ariosto for the play—a comedy for the occasion, founded upon the weakness and wickedness of human nature—a sort of problem play, in which he sustained no fewer than fifteen characters, himself. What effect this dramatic performance had upon the morals of the young Gonzago, does not exactly appear; but that, as a comedy, it must have been a great success, we have the evidence of the boisterous old chronicler, Vaughan, left us how one of the ladies of honor was so tremendously burst a blood-vessel in a fit of irrepressible laughter, to which she was brought by the humor of the piece.

It was high carnival in Mantua; but among the gay maskers who were seen in the public places of resort, none was so conspicuous for his gaiety and accomplishments as the Adventurer. The fair young Mantuans each hoped for his hand in the ballet dance. When night fell upon the vine-wreathed verandahs, no voice was so sweet as his in the dulcet serenade. Even the foul young men of Mantua, envious of him though they might have been for his wonderful gifts, and for the preference shown to him by the eye of beauty, loved him for his genial disposition and companionable ways.

One lowly night of the carnival, the Adventurer wandered with his guitar through the avenues of Mantua, dropping in upon his acquaintances here and there, and enjoying the various amusements that were going on; as a less elgo hoary dalmity from the various flowers in some gay parterre. His wanderings led him in the Mantuan quarters where dwelt one of the gentlemen of the court, a man of wealth and high birth. Standing now under the window of his palace, he heard a voice singing to the accompaniment of a guitar, and he listened to—and you of all others, Mr. Editor, will be delighted to hear—the song which he had himself composed for his mistress. The singing ceased at the song were yet echoing in the heated gardens, when a party of revellers in masks came by, and, stopping upon the singer, attacked him furiously with their swords. Two or three of the foremost speedily gave way before the Adventurer's sword, and he seemed to be the leader of the party, still pressed upon by the rest. The Adventurer observed him with a deft parry, causing his sword to fly from his hand. The discomfited swordsman tore off his mask, and stood glaring before him—young Gonzago, the pupil, whose life he had spared, with jealousy and hate. With that ordinary with ever distinguished him, the Adventurer, kneeling upon one knee, presented his own sword to the young prince, who, ashamed and incensed, ran him several times through the body with it.

Thus wretchedly perished, at the early age of twenty-three, Vincenzo Gonzago, one of the many rare qualities, the Admirable. He was the son of an ancient family, and was born in the year 1580, at the old castle of Cluny, whose gray walls rise from a bold rock in the midst of a land lake. Allowing a fair margin for exaggeration, he must have been a man of wonderful skills attainments for his age and the days in which he lived. That he left no money behind him at his death to defray the funeral expenses, would not be due to his extreme versatility. The universal genius seldom has a penny, and the universal is often the same. But Crichton was undoubtedly a brilliant light of his period: a bright candle, though a short.

AN IDLE HOUR, AND ITS RESULTS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"I've an hour before dinner, and how to employ it is the question. It is too hot to attempt anything useful, and as to my reading, that stupid book, with its dark face in the blaze, and one's coffee wilted down. However, I'll try it, and see if I can't get more interest in it than sitting in this deserted office, and, as everybody out of town, I've no one to call on to meet my one I know."

Mr. Merlincourt had come to town every day from his home up the river, but to we getting impatient tired of it. The weather was growing exceedingly warm, there was little business to be done, and all his acquaintances had left the chosen summer retreats. He had finished everything he had to do, and was waiting for the next advertisement, and there still remained an hour to be disposed of before dinner-time. A dismal hour!

He leaned back in his chair, took up his hat and stood forth, meeting not a creature in the deserted streets, and entered the dining-room, where no one was, for, in memory of many coins that had been spent there, he had selected it for his dining-place. It too had a dismal appearance. It was not to be supposed anything useful, and as to "good reading," that stupid book, with its dark face in the blaze, and one's coffee wilted down. However, he'd try it, and see if he couldn't get more interest in it than sitting in this deserted office, and, as everybody out of town, I've no one to call on to meet my one I know."

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE HEROIC STRUGGLES OF SPAIN AGAINST ROME.

[NUMBER TWO.]

BY JOSEPH ABBOTT.

The city of Numantia, in the north-east corner of Old Castile, on the river Douro, where Soria now stands, was the stronghold of the Spanish patriots in their struggle against the invading Romans. The surrounding country was exceedingly fertile. They invested it with an army sixty thousand strong. The defence was conducted by but six thousand Spaniards. The besieging Romans constructed a double wall, moat and bastion against bastion. They reasoned, by a strict blockade, to avoid all the risks of battle, and to subdue their foes by the simple yet terrible energies of famine. The Roman consul, Scipio Emilianus, a son of the renowned Scipio Africanus, conducted the siege. His head strategy was sustained valiantly by his wives in Adelpa against Carthage, which city was finally destroyed by fire and sword.

As months passed away, during which the beleaguered garrison made many but unavailing sorties, everything which they had planted could be eaten was consumed. Famine was now staying its thousands. There was no alternative for the survivors but to die, or surrender themselves to slavery; a doom worse than death. The indomitable Spaniards scorned to capitulate. The accounts which the sealed historians tell us in giving of the scene which ensued, seems absolutely incredible. And yet we have no right but such as they give to guide us, and their narrative is apparently well authenticated.

According to these accounts the heroic and terrible inhabitants of Numantia resolved to escape from the desolation of the Romans by their own mutual and entire extermination. Deliberately and firmly they entered upon this unprecedented enterprise. The husbands first all killed their wives. Then they each other their children. This being accomplished, the stern survivors then engaged in the work of self-destruction. Some fell upon their own swords. Some poisoned themselves. Some fought to the bitter end of death. Some set fire to their houses and perished in the flames. Thus it is recorded that every individual in Numantia perished. Not a solitary inhabitant survived. And when the Romans clambered over the silent and abandoned walls, they found a wonderful city, with its houses living being in its streets. Not a captive remained to grace their triumph. Not a prey could be found for a Roman coronet. Life and wealth had been consumed together.

If this narrative be true, it is the most extraordinary story in the annals of war. The fall of Saguntum, which we have before related, was awful. But the fall of Numantia must be called a parallel in the history of the world, as the most energetic and desperate act upon record. This took place about about 135 years before Christ. The destruction of Numantia paralyzed the energies of the Spaniards for a period, and two thirds of the peninsula despairingly submitted to the Roman sway. Nearly all the rest of it contemptibly sent deputations to implore the clemency of the conquerors. But of the ancient clans, in their inaccessible retreats, who, in their mountain fastnesses, were still unsubdued and conquering, remained in independence. But still the victorious Romans were unable successfully goading the enslaved people to insurrection, and the power of Spain was again restored to which slaves submit when crouching beneath the uplifted lash.

Bagacity, lust, cruelty, ever marked the Roman dominion. And the people of Spain were at this time the whole peninsula continued to exhibit the same revolting picture of abject-hood age. Occasionally, goaded to desperation, the victim would turn upon his oppressors, but to be smitten with a stalled band is bloody death.

In the year 81 before Christ, the merciless dictator Sylla was at the height of his power in Rome. Among the innumerable victims of his proscription list there was an illustrious general by the name of Quintus Sertorius. He was then in the prime of life, and was endowed with great physical energy and mental vigor. He was a man of genius he had no superior. His ambition was as boundless and unscrupulous as was that of Sylla, before the terrors of whose name he had been compelled to flee.

Sertorius, in his flight, succeeded in reaching Spain. The natives, ever eager for an opportunity for the spirit of liberty, renown and by his unmistakable hatred of the Roman usurper, rallied around the banner he boldly raised. Sertorius soon found himself at the head of 8000 troops, ripe for any enterprise, no matter how desperate. But Sylla, to hold the restless Spaniards in subjection, had four armies in the field, amounting, all together, to 120,000 men. With sinewing energy and military skill, Sertorius baffled his foes, and multiplied his victories, until he united the two powerful tribes—nations they were then called—the Lusitanians and Celtiberians, into one government, formed precisely upon the basis of the republic, so called, then established at Rome. With amazing celerity he advanced in a career of conquest, rapidly accumulating such resources that Spain seemed upon the eve of being rescued entirely from its foreign oppressors.

Sertorius established two capitals in his governing dominion—Evora, in the heart of Lusitania, and Osca, now Huesca, in Cultiberia. Both of these capitals were embellished with the noblest works of art. A senate consisting of three hundred of the most distinguished citizens, some of them Romans by birth, administered the general affairs of the entire. His army was organized upon the Roman model. There was a university established at Pieresa, to which Sertorius invited distinguished Latin and Greek professors, and which attained very considerable renown, attracting students from all parts of the peninsula. Industry, in all its branches, was encouraged. Arms were manufactured, arsenals stored, mines opened, and the hour of triumphant expulsion and of Spanish disenthrallment seemed to be at hand.

The imperious Sylla, alarmed at the strength rebellion was assuming in Spain, dispatched several additional Roman legions to crush the seditious foe. Sertorius healed upon them his resistant troops with such energy that the power of Sylla died miserably, and went to the bar of God with the blood upon his soul of more than a hundred men whom he had sent to the tomb. The Roman senate, consumed with fear and contempt of Spanish efforts demanded the most desperate exertions. The flower of the Roman veterans legions under Cæsars Pompey, a young general whose name was then unknown, but gifted and gleaming, over a war-cradled and manslaughtering world. The storm of war swept Spain with terrible devastation. When Pompey and Sertorius encountered each other, the mightiest energies of the demon of war were called into requisition. There were many fierce and sanguinary battles, in which victory first struck their swiftest and heaviest blows, and then from their bloody wreaths, impartially, and equally exhausted. Rome poured in reinforcements without number, and Sertorius met Pompey. But with equal ardor the Spanish hero concentrated their energies to overwhelm the diminished battalions of Sertorius.

It was then the Spanish flame were so pressed by the Roman legions, that Sertorius dispersed his whole army, at a given signal, through a hundred diverse paths, leaving the foe utterly bewildered by their sudden evanishment. A few days they were all re-assembled with re-exulted strength at a specified rendezvous. Rome now offered an immense reward for the head of Sertorius. Pompey, as great as he was, perplexed, and his associates, at a public feast-table, met for the sake of the reward, but so difficult the expense command.

The reward was accomplished his object and was recognized as the leader of the Spanish people. But in his first battle the genius of Pompey was triumphant. Sertorius was completely routed and he was taken captive. The wretch sought to destroy his life by means of poison, but quickly and unseasons. Pompey, despising him, sent him to the Spanish forces

SISTERS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Suppose your head with power supplied—
Sir, would you stir it 'neath my hair,
And turn it to the golden side
Of sixteen years? Suppose you dare?

And I need here with smiling mouth,
Her cheeks, and hands all satiny white,
Kneeling beautiful with youth,
And that same sly, consenting sprite,

Brought demure as bright as dreams can be,
To hang the shadows from my face,
And flushed down beauty to pleasure me,
As you would rose from a heath?

What could I do then? idly wear—
Hide all my matter-of-fact in fairy?
The baddish bodice and golden hair
Of sixteen years, and nothing more?

Nay, does with youth in my desire,
To time I give an false stance,
Experience is the season's fire
That voids our knowledge into use?

And all in flow of heart, or truth,
Where purpose into power was wrought,
I'd bear and gladly bear again,
Rather than be put back one thought.

So sigh not, sister, my gentle friend,
That I have reached the time of day
When white hairs come, and heart-beats end
So blushes through the cheeks satiny.

For, could you speak my destiny?
As day within your loving hand,
I'd leave my youth's sweet company,
And suffer back to where I stand.

SELF-MADE;
OR,
"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE RETRIBUTION," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER CXIII.
THE FATE OF THE VISCOUNT.

Oh, vanity of manifold trust,
Of no existent in good gold,
Human wishes and ideas unjust!
Human hopes that are ne'er fulfilled,
Fears approached, but unknown to us,
And bitterest betrayals with sex,
Which we, in our blindness, trust!
That has been left of Paradise,
Still innocence, lame after thought,
Which, like a sweet bird, sings to us
Of hope when all else has departed,
Whom we have trusted and whom betrayed!
—Sir Edward Bulwer.

When the carriage containing the prisoners reached the gaol, they were taken out and conducted to the warden's office.

The Viscount, who was in a mood of suppressed fury, was attended by Policeman McRae and Sergeant Bell of Chilham, who were hooked by the dishonor of his master.

Pendrake, who had urged herself into a state of exhaustion and consequently of quietude, was attended by Policeman Chilvert, and supported by Mrs. MacDonald, who tenderly soothed and flattered her.

It was a busy day in the warden's office, and the warden had but little time to bestow on these interesting prisoners.

"And so they're committed, eh?" he said, as he laid, mate's the jury; and the pair beside him; me head is sair for it," said Auld Sandie Grahame, as they were led up to his desk to have their names entered on the prison books.

The warden, after a few questions, had made the necessary entries of officers' names who should be punished by immediate imprisonment (" send forth the Viscount, in a fury:

"As to that, me laird, I ha'e never yet seen the prisoner enter these walls o' me's property and cotteen for the authorities that sent him here," dryly replied " Auld Sandie."

Then turning to an under-warden, he said:

"Ye'll convey the prisoners back to the cells occupied by them before."

And Pendrake was carried back to the women's ward, followed by the sympathizing Mrs. MacDonald, who promised to remain with her until the hour of closing up.

And the Viscount, attended by Chilvert, was conducted to his corner cell, there to abide until the day of trial.

Old Chilvert remained with his master until he was summoned to drive Mrs. MacDonald back to the castle.

Several days passed. Every morning Mrs. MacDonald, driven by Chilvert in the family carriage, came to town, to spend the day in the cell with Pendrake, with Chilvert remaining in attendance upon the Viscount. And every evening she returned to the castle.

The Earl of Hawkmeadow did not come. Not a word or line came of him. The banker's wrote that he was out on his yacht, his exact latitude they knew not.

Lord Viscount, now that he was fully committed for trial, really did not seem to be anxious for his father's return. Perhaps he would rather not have had the Earl, under present circumstances. He held daily consultations with his counsel. These were entirely confidential. Being assured by Mr. Brace that it was essentially necessary the counsel should be in possession of all the facts, the prisoner made a voluntary clean breast of it, so that not a tittle or solution of the negrone was concerned; he exercised acute reticence in the matters of his own relations with Fanatica and his conspiracy against Lady Viscount.

Mr. Brace of course put the fairest construction upon everything that he could, and he did not help the darkest misgivings as to the result of the approaching trial. And the Viscount, rendered keenly observant by his position, soon detected these doubts in the mind of his counsel, and became daily more despondent.

He looked forward to the dishonor of a public trial with loathing indefinable; to the penalties, any probable conviction and sentence that might follow with shrinking dread, and to the execution of that sentence with stony horror.

Penal servitude! Great Heaven! Penal servitude for life, no high-born, no faithless, no luxurious life to be held! Penal servitude for him, the Viscount Vincent!

He had often made one of a party of eighteen, visiting the prisons, the hulks and quarries, when the prisoners were conducted at work. He had seen them in the coarse prison-garb, working in chains, under the bristling rays of summer, and under the bitter cold of winter. He had seen them at their loathsome meals, and in their stifling sleeping pens. He had gazed upon them with eyes of haughty, cold, unsympathizing curiosity. To him and his friends they formed but a spectacle of interest or amusement, like a drama.

And now, to think that he might, nay, probably would, soon make one of their shameful numbers!

The Viscount Vincent working in chains! Gazed at by his former companions! Pointed out to curious strangers!

That was the appalling picture forever present to his imagination!

How hideously he depicted the crimes that had exposed him to this fate! How deeply he cursed the system whose fatal beauty had lured him to ruin! How passionately he longed for death, as the only deliverance from the memory of the past, the terrors of the present, the horrors of the future.

Day and night that appalling future stared him in the face!

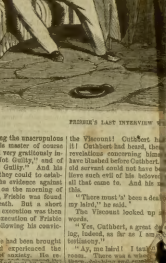
Day and night the pictures of his future working in chains, pointed out, stared at, was before his mind's eyes.

By day it obtruded between him and the face of any visitor that might be with him. Even when in consultation with his counsel his mind would wander from the subject in hand, and his imagination would be drawn away to the contemplation of that dreadful picture!

By night it would rise up in the darkness and nearly drive him mad!

He could not eat, he could not sleep. He passed his days in pacing to and fro in his narrow cell, and his nights in tossing about upon his restless bed. His sufferings were pitiable, and his worst enemy must have felt sorry for him.

His condition moved the compassion of the warden, and every indulgence that was in the power of the prison to bestow was granted to him. And as he was not yet absolutely convicted, but only awaiting his trial, these indulgences were considerable. Old Chilvert was allowed to be freely during the day, and to bring him anything in the way of food, clothing, bedding, upholstery, etc., that he required. And the ample superintendence was exercised over these matters



FRIEDE'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH THE VISCOUNT.

the Viscount Cuthbert had read all about it! Cuthbert heard, then, these disgraceful revelations concerning his master. He need not have blushed before Cuthbert, but loyal-hearted old servant could not have helped thought to believe such evil of his beloved young master, as all that came to. And his face wore deep dismay.

"There must b' been a deal o' base swearing, me laird," he said.

The Viscount looked up as though at the warden.

"Yes, Cuthbert, a great deal of false swearing, indeed, so far as I am concerned, in this unfortunate affair."

"Me laird! I tack' me place in the taproom. There was a witness examined, named Friede, a German, who swore to your lordship's acquaintance free in their company. But when they came to ask him if he knew that that trivial revelations would be made under oath that would not look to whither Lord Vincent's character.

On Tuesday noon Mr. Brace entered his cell.

"I'm the trial——" began the Viscount; but he could not get on; his intense emotion choked him.

"The trial is over; the jury brought in their verdict half an hour ago," replied the counsel, gravely.

"And Friede is——For Heaven's sake, speak!" gasped the Viscount.

"Friede is committed," said the lawyer.

Lord Vincent, pale before, turned paler still as he sank into the chair, and gazed upon the lawyer, who was greatly wondering at the excessive emotion of his client.

"When is the execution fixed to take place?"

"On Monday, of course."

"Is there—can there be any hope of a pardon for him?"

"Not the shadow of a shade of hope!"

"Or—of a commutation of his sentence?"

"It is madness to think of it!"

"Is there no chance of a respite?"

"I tell you it is madness and worse than madness, to imagine such a thing as a pardon, a commutation, or even a respite for that wretch! The crime brought home to him was one of the darkest known to us and deserved all of the gaol that loved and trusted and was true to him! To fancy any mercy could be shown to a miscreant, except it be the infinite, all-enduring, all-forgiving mercy of God, is simply blasphemy!"

"And the execution is to take place on Monday! The time is very short!" said the Viscount, falling into a reverie.

The lawyer began to speak of the Viscount's own affairs; he mentioned several circumstances connected with the Viscount's case that he had been known to himself only through the testimony of certain witnesses on Friede's trial, and he wished to consult his Viscount upon them.

But Lord Vincent seemed to act very strangely; he was absent-minded, stupid, distracted, in fact altogether unfit for consultation with his counsel.

And so, after a few unsuccessful attempts to rouse him, gain his attention and fix it upon the subject at hand, the lawyer left him, hoping he would call again the next morning, and bowed and left the cell.

The shame the Viscount suffered was to the knowledge of the disreputable facts relating to himself that had been brought to light on Friede's trial; the great dread he felt was that Friede, at the near approach of death, would open his heart and make a full confession; such a horrible certainty was that such a confession to all that would be the Viscount's own conviction!

Again on this Thursday night he could not sleep, but paced the narrow limits of his cell like one whose night journeys had unsettled some of mind. Never was the appalling vision of himself in the shameful prison garb, working in chains, pointed out as an interesting object and gazed at by curious strangers, so terribly vivid as upon this night.

The next morning, when his old servant Cuthbert entered the cell as usual, he was frightened at his master's dreadful looks.

"Will I call a doctor to your lairdship?" inquired the old man.

"No, Cuthbert; I am not ill. I am only suffering for want of sleep. I have not been able to sleep since Friede's arraignment. He is convicted, you know."

"Ay, me laird; I know't' sure! It' My brither Randy was on the jury, and he told me it's a'over a pot o' ale in the tap-room o' the 'High-landers,' where I was reading while my horses fed and the old mare gravely:

A dark, crimson flush overspread the face of the Viscount! Cuthbert had read all about it! Cuthbert heard, then, these disgraceful revelations concerning his master. He need not have blushed before Cuthbert, but loyal-hearted old servant could not have helped thought to believe such evil of his beloved young master, as all that came to. And his face wore deep dismay.

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The next morning, when his old servant Cuthbert entered the cell as usual, he was frightened at his master's dreadful looks.

"Will I call a doctor to your lairdship?" inquired the old man.

"No, Cuthbert; I am not ill. I am only suffering for want of sleep. I have not been able to sleep since Friede's arraignment. He is convicted, you know."

"Ay, me laird; I know't' sure! It' My brither Randy was on the jury, and he told me it's a'over a pot o' ale in the tap-room o' the 'Highlander,' where I was reading while my horses fed and the old mare gravely:

Meantime as the Assizes were sitting, and the docket was not very full, it was thought that the trial would soon come on.

On the Wednesday following the committal of the Viscount, the trial of the murderer Friede, which stood before that of his master on the docket, did come on. The decisive point had been busy during the interval between Friede's arrest and arraignment, and they had succeeded in collecting a mass of evidence and a number of witnesses, besides old King.

Friede, however, was defended by the best counsel that money could procure. There are many among the best lawyers who will undertake up a bad cause at any price. But Friede, Meantime as the Assizes were sitting, and the docket was not very full, it was thought that the trial would soon come on.

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he paid no attention to the services. At their close he bent his eyes again upon the form of Friede.

His perseverance was rewarded. As the prisoner arose to leave the chapel, Friede also arose and turned around. And the prisoner cast a full view of his face—a pale, wild, despairing face.

"He is desperately frightened if he is not penitent! That is the face of a man who, in the fullness hope of saving his life, will deny his guilt until the rope is around his neck, and then, in the forlorn hope of saving his soul, confess his crime under the gallows," said the Viscount to himself, as he was marched back to his cell.

In fact the Viscount wrought Friede. The great adversary himself is said to be not so black as he is painted.

That same night, that last solemn night of the criminal's life, the prison chaplain staid with the wretched man. Mr. Godfree was a fervent Christian; one whose faith could move mountains; one who would never abandon a soul, however sinful, to sink into perdition while that soul remained in its mortal tenement. Such men seem to have a Christ-conferred power to save to the uttermost.

He kept close to Friede; he would not permit himself to be discouraged by the callousness, the cowardice and the utter baseness of the poor wretch. He prized him; talked to him; prayed with him.

With all his deep criminality, Friede was certainly not hardened. He listened to the exhortations of the chaplain, he wept bitterly, and joined in the prayers.

And in the silence of that night he made a full confession to the chaplain, with the request that it might be made public the next day.

He confessed to the murder of Alfeld Dunbar; but he denied that the crime had been premeditated, as it had been made to appear at the trial. He killed her in a fit of passion, he said; and he had never known an hour's peace since. Remorse for the crime and terror for its consequences had made his life wretched. His master, Lord Vincent, he said, had been an eye-witness to the murder; and had withheld himself from denouncing him, because he wanted to use the power he had thus obtained to compel him to enter a conspiracy against Lady Vincent.

And here followed a full account of the plot and its execution.

Friede went on to say that nothing but the terrors of death induced him to become a party to that base conspiracy against the honor of a noble lady, and that he had suffered almost as much remorse for his crimes against Lady Vincent as for his murder of Dunbar.

When Mr. Godfree took down in shorthand Trom the lips of the prisoner this confession.

And then, as Friede expressed the desire to spend the remainder of the night in devotion, Mr. Godfree left him to himself and God.

He read aloud to the convict portions of scripture suited to the hour, and prayed fervently with him for the pardon of his sins; and he sang a consoling hymn.

Oh, strangely sounded that sacred song arising in the deep silence of that condemned cell, on the night passed there.

But was it in vain in the Viscount's cell? Sleeplessly, restlessly, wretchedly, until long after midnight, when he threw himself, in his clothes, across his couch, tossing and tumbling, and effectually banished slumber from his weary eyelids.

What could they be doing at that unusual hour? he asked himself. He had risen from his bed and peeped through the grated window, for the night was overcast and very deeply dark with that darkness that precedes the dawn. He could see nothing, but he could hear the sound of voices amid the noise of work; though the sounds were distinct enough to reach his ear in the graveyard, were inaudible.

He lay down again no wiser than he had risen up. After an hour or two the noises ceased, and he fell into a heavy slumber, from which that more resembles were out nature's swooning than healthy sleep.

CHAPTER CXIV.
THE EXECUTION.

"He died as he ought to have died—a dog.
He went like one to the hangman's drop."—Byron.

The morning of the execution of Friede dawned. It was again awakened, and this time by the solemn tolling of the prison bell.

He sprang out of bed and looked out of the window, but could see nothing.

There in the angle of the prison yard stood the gallows, partly roofed in. Beyond that was what the carpenters had been at work on all night.

And the tolling of the prison bell warned him that the last hour of the condemned man had arrived, that he was even then being led out for the gallows.

The Viscount staggered back and fell upon his bed. In the fate of Friede he seemed to feel a foreboding of his own, and a terrible dread of dying in such fir himself.

Then came a sound of footsteps along the passage. They paused before his cell. Some one there unlocked the door, and, to his great astonishment, the procession that was on its way to the gallows halted before his cell. Friede was Friede, still unbound, but guarded by half-a-dozen policemen, and followed by the chaplain, by the under-sheriff of the county, and the warden and officers of the prison.

Lord Vincent stared in astonishment, wondering what this could mean, when Friede spoke a few words in which to put the question.

The chaplain interpreted the spokesman of the party.

"Friede has made unhappy man wishes to see you before he dies; and the sheriff has kindly accorded the request," said the chaplain.

Lord Vincent looked from the chaplain to the under-sheriff, and then turned his eyes upon the condemned man, in the last hour of his life, who stood at the door.

Friede spoke.

"I am a dying man; but I could not meet death with guilty secrets on my soul. My lord, I have told everything, the whole truth about the death of poor Alice, and the plot against my lady. I could not leave the world without telling you, I could with such wrong, unrighted, behind me! I could not so face my God! I have told the chaplain the whole, and to ask you to forgive me if, in doing this, I have done anything to injure you. I have told the man, speaking humbly, deprecatingly, almost timidly.

"God forgive you, Friede! but you have ruined me! I am the unmerited victim of your revenge!" the Viscount, as he turned away; for it seemed to those who heard him that he was asking the Lord to forgive the sinner, not for his sins, but for his confession of them.

The procession of death left the cell; the door was locked; and the Viscount was alone again—alone and in utter, irremediable despair.

He sat upon the side of the bed, with his hands clasped and his chin dropped upon his breast until the bell of the prison chapel suddenly ceased to toll! Then he looked up. It was all over! The judicial tragedy had been en-

ached! And he arose and went to the grated window and looked out.

Not 'oh, Heaven! It was no such river! That great ground-swell the foot of the gallows! that cart and sandy coffin! that shrunken and bound figure, convulsed and swaying in the air contorted his sight! With a long cry he dashed his hand up to his eyes to shut out the horrible vision, and fell heavily upon the floor. He lay there as one dead until the turnkey brought his breakfast. Then he got up and threw himself upon the bed. The eagerly drank the coffee that was brought to him, for his throat was parched and burning; but he could not swallow a mouthful of solid food.

"Bring me the afternoon paper as soon as it is out," said he to the turnkey, at the same time handing him a half crown.

The man bowed in silence and took his breakfast tray from the table and withdrew.

For some means or other, perhaps from the face of coming in contact with the proprietors for the execution, Mrs. MacDonald did not present herself at the prison until nearly noon. So that the prison clock was striking one and a quarter of twelve when Old Cuthbert was admitted to his master's cell.

On entering and beholding his master, the old man started and exclaimed in affright:

"Gude guide us, sae laird, what has come ower ye?"

Nothing, Cuthbert, but want of rest. What is the time? you have in your hand?"

"The evening paper, me laird, that one o' the lads gi'e me to bring your lairdship."

"Have you looked at it?" demanded the visitant, anxiously, for he could not bear the idea of his old servant's reading the confession of Frankie, that was probable in that very paper.

"Have you looked at it, I ask you?" he repeated, fiercely.

"No, me laird! I hanna e'en unfolded it," said the old man, simply, handing the paper.

The Viscount seized it, then sank quickly down on the chair and opened it; but instead of reading the paper he looked up at Old Cuthbert, who was standing there watching his master with the deepest concern expressed in his venerable countenance.

"There! get about something! do anything! only don't stand there and stare at me as if you had gone daft!" angrily exclaimed Lord Vincent.

The old man turned away and began to put up things straight in the cell.

The Viscount seized the paper and found what he had feared to see. Ah! well might he dread the eye of Old Cuthbert on him while he read those columns.

Yes! there it was! the account of the last hours of Alick Frankie by the pen of the clergyman! that should be his own work, the confession, and, last of all, the confession of the culprit with all its shameful accusations of the Viscount, with a feverish desire to see how deeply he himself was implicated, and to know the worst at once, read it all. How far he was implicated indeed! His whole character was at stake!

Why, the crime for which Frankie had suffered death, the murder of that poor girl, committed in a moment of passion, was nothing against the intense, and confessed in humility, seemed a light offence beside the deep turpitude, the black premeditation of the crimes confessed, carefully arranged plan against Lady Vincent in which the Viscount was principal and the wife of Frankie only an accomplice. The plan was revealed in the confession of the latter, and the guilt of the two was both seen them and heard of them. Bolton he denounced that it was to secure Vincent's fears when discovered, published and circulated.

When Lord Vincent had read the last confession through, he knew that all was forever over, with him! he knew that at that very hour hundreds of people were reading that confession, shudderingly at his guilt, scorning his treachery and anticipating his conviction! he knew as well as if he had his head between the columns of the court, what that sentence would be. Penal servitude for life!

Deep groans burst from his breast.

"Me laird, me laird, you are surely ill!" said the old man, solicitously, stepping forward.

"Yes, Cuthbert, I am ill! in pain!"

"Will I call a doctor?"

"No, Cuthbert! a doctor is not necessary; but attend to me, I am very, very ill! you bring me anything you like unquestioned, do you see?"

"Ay, surely, me laird! for you are no under accommodated yet; but only waiting for your honorable acquittal."

"Cuthbert! I think you have a brother who is a chemist in town, have you not?"

"Ou, ay, me laird! Jessie Sandy, honest man."

The Viscount sat down and wrote a line on a scrap of small paper as he spoke, still musing.

"Now, Cuthbert, take this to your brother. Be sure that you put in no one with whom I am not, and when you get the medicine that I have written for, put it in a wicker flask and don't take it out until you come back to me and we are alone. Now, Cuthbert, I hope you will be necessary over this affair than you were ore the affair of the aunt I had at Dunlop, which you persisted to tell into the hands of Politician."

"Ah, puir Frankie! puir lad! Gude have mercy on him! I'll be careful, me laird; though it does no use, just now, Frankie blamed that let the bit auntie dead! But I'll be careful, me laird, though 'dead I dinna see the use o' concealment, sin' nobody ever interfere wi' anything if I am broken," and away hobbled the old man.

"But they might interfere with this because it is another; for they might not only find out the prison doctor has a right to give medicine to the condemned.

"Oh, ay—I comprehend, me laird, that sic might be the case when the medicament is dangerous. But will this be dangerous?"

"Why, it is nothing but a sleeping landanum. You know how good laudanum is to allay pain; and that there is no danger at all in it."

"No, me laird, gin me dosens tak' an over much o'the same."

"Certainly, if one does not know or observe; but I have knowledge enough not to do that, Cuthbert."

"Surely, me laird. I'd gae noo and get it," replied the old man, taking up his hat, and knocking at the door to be released.

The turnkey opened promptly, and Cuthbert departed on his errand.

When the Viscount was left alone, he resumed the restless pacing up and down the narrow limits of his cell and continued it for awhile. Then he sat down by his little table, drew a sheet of paper before him, and began to write a letter.

He was interrupted by the unlocking of his cell door. Hastily he turned the paper with the blank side up and looked around. It was Mr. Bruce, his counsel.

The lawyer looked unusually grave.

"Well," he said, as soon as he was left alone with his client—"the poor devil Frankie is gone!"

"Yes," responded the Viscount, in a low voice.

"That is an ugly business of the confession."

"Very; the fiend was mad!" said the Viscount.

"No! unlikely; but I wish we may be able to persuade the jury that he was so; or else induce the judge to rule his evidence out altogether.

"Can that be done? I mean can the judge be induced to rule out the confession as evidence?" inquired the Viscount, sudden hope lighting up his features from the gloom of despair.

"I fear not; I fear that our chance is to persuade the jury that the man was insane or semi-lunatic—in a word, to impeach his rationality or his truthfulness, and then they will not decide which stand we are to take, which call guilt in question.

"You might doubt either his sanity or his truth with equally good cause. He was never a fool and always a liar! When is the trial to come on?"

"That is just what I came to speak to you about. It is called for to-morrow at ten."

"To-morrow at ten?"

"Yes."

"Are you quite ready with the defence?"

"I was until this nasty business of Frankie's confession turned up. I shall have to take a copy of the paper containing it home with me to-night, and study it, to see how I can turn it to a to-night, and study it, to see how I can turn it to a piece, and destroy its effects upon the jury. Have you got it with you?" inquired Mr. Bruce, up the afternoon paper that lay upon the table.

"Yes."

"Have you done with it?"

"Yes."

The lawyer folded up the paper and put it in his pocket, and took up his hat to depart.

"Stop a moment, Bruce, before you go; I have something to say to you," said Lord Vincent, dispiritedly.

"No, my lord, I did not mean to give you any such impression," said Mr. Bruce, recovering himself and his professional manners. "I will leave the consultation until your return. Frankie's poor change was an excellent one——"

"Stop!"

"Well, as I say, that is an ugly feature in the case; but I will do my best with it. I am thinking of my own poor abilities, my colleagues, and the circumstances generally, and the most favorable brieters in the kingdom. They are always safe to give a verdict which is read down-cut possible to be gained."

"No! I know that I have the best talent in the three kingdoms engaged in my defence," said the Viscount, with a look of the most profound sigh.

"I will look in upon you again early to-morrow morning, before we go into court," said Mr. Bruce, as he arose to depart.

This interview with his counsel had only tended to confirm the fears of the unhappy murderess his despondency; for notwithstanding the guarded words of the lawyer, Lord Vincent saw that he had well nigh given up all for lost. With a deep groan he sat down to his table and resumed the writing of his letter. He had not written many minutes before he was interrupted by the opening of the door. He hastily concealed his writing under the blotting-paper, and then sullenly turned to see who was the new intruder.

As soon as the door was closed upon them, the old man approached his master.

"Have you got the medicine, Cuthbert?"

"Ay, me laird," said the servant, taking a bottle, rolled in a white paper, from his pocket, and handing it to his master.

Some hesitant made the Viscount conceal the bottle in his own pocket.

"And here, me laird, are two letters the gentleman gave me to take to the nearest office. He said me they had just been left at the warden's office for you," said Cuthbert, handing the two unlabelled looking epistles before his master.

Lord Vincent recognized in the superscription of the respective letters the handwriting of his counsel and of Mrs. MacDonald, and, first. He hastily opened, then one after the other. Several hasty lines in pencil were written on each of each. Surprised, he rapidly cast his eyes over both in turn, and then read them more deliberately. The two letters were to effect the same. The counsel thought it necessary, though not in partnership, had acted in concert with the confession, which he thought it absolutely necessary to return their retaining fees and relate from the defence of the Viscount, and recommending the confession of the convict Alick Frankie, they could not conscientiously act as counsel for the prisoner. Mrs. MacDonald wrote to the same effect.

"Cuthbert, read me those letters again!" said Lord Vincent, anxiously approaching his master. "Yes! the plan seems to succeed."

"Will ye no tak' some of the medicine noo?"

"No, Cuthbert! not now. Have you got the night?" answered the Viscount; but he withdrew the bottle from his hand, and began to tie the wash basin and washed off the label and threw the bottle into the fire.

Cuthbert watched him, and wondered at this proceeding, but was too much awed to express surprise or make inquiries.

And at this moment the turnkey entered with Lord Vincent's supper, that had been brought from the "Highland Chief" by order of the counsel. Upon the table, he warned Cuthbert that the prison was about to be closed for the night, and told him that Mrs. MacDonald was waiting for him to get into the coach.

Upon hearing this the old man took a respectful bow to the Viscount and departed.

The turnkey remained in attendance upon the prisoner, kindly pressing him to eat.

But Lord Vincent swallowed only a little tea, and then pushed the food from him.

The turnkey took away the service, locked the prisoner in for the night and then went straight to the warden's office.

"Well, Donald, what is it now?" inquired the warden.

"Are ye please sir, I'm no easy in my mind about the Lord Vincent," said the turnkey.

"Why what ails me him?"

"Why sir, he is just too one-discharged!"

"Ou, ay, it will be the confession of the malefactor Frankie that has put him in a state, I'm sure!"

"It's war nor faith! he looks just likely to do himself a mischief!" said Cuthrie, shaking his head.

"Hoot! an that be not we mann be careful! Are there any sharp edged or pointed instruments in his cell?"

"I'm sure not but his pen-knife. I was minded to bring it away but I did na."

"Ah, then we will put him a visit in his cell," said the warden rising.

The turnkey led the way upstairs, and they entered the prisoner's cell. The Viscount, who was sitting at the table with his head leaning upon his hand, looked up at this unusual visit. His face was deadly pale, but beyond that the warden noticed nothing amiss in his appearance, and that paleness was decidedly natural in a prisoner suffering from confinement and anxiety. There is usually but scant ceremony observed between gaoler and prisoner; nevertheless, in this case Auld Sandie deemed some apology required for his unreasonable visit.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, in his own peculiar dialect, "but I'm no easy in my mind about you, and as I am responsible for you during the case, I mann in regard to your life and safety, we till the contrary, for eight hours and six like dangerous weapons."

"Take your will, you please! I have no objection," said the Viscount indifferently.

Whereupon the warden and turnkey made a thorough examination of the room, and the cupboards and scissors from its drawers—one and the pocket-knife from the prisoner's pocket.

"I shall take gude care o' these articles, sir, and return them to you as soon as you are out of these walls," said the warden.

The Viscount made no reply.

"And ye mann ben the last I can remove them to prevent any foolish attempt on your despondency," he continued.

The Viscount smiled with a strange, derisive, triumphant expression; it still did not reply to the warden.

"And gin ye will need the counsel, ye will consight, and easily get it. Ye have but to ring, as gie notice to the turnkey, and he will step ready to take advantage of it. Ye will not, I hope, attempt such advantage of it. Ye will not, I hope, attempt such folly, and Auld Sandie, with all deference, thinks that ye will not be so wickedly ungrateful to your friends for the kindness they have shown in finally for the sight.

When he got back to office he summoned all of his officers around him and spoke to them. "I am afraid that Lord Vincent will die, Lord Vincent. To-morrow's the day! To-morrow's the day! Mind, I tell you, that if he does die, it has passed murder for me and my two cousins, and you, Donald, and I'm for sending him to Botany or any other convict station, who goes to see him alive and dies. You, Donald, will watch that the visitor's nothing unlawful or dangerous gives him, and you, Jock, and you, Jamie, you look, better than a pound of gold!"

And having given a caution to the warden the Viscount departed, and went to perform his duties.

"Ye!" an entire convention is better than a pound of cure!" "It is a pity the honest warden had not known of the visit of Old Cuthbert.

Meanwhile, how had Christine borne her tremendous trial?

Why, excitedly—Not that she had any doubt of her husband's fortitude, for she had not the least bit of one, or of any other sort of heroism. But, as I said before, she was such a mere animal, so long as she was not personally concerned, that she could bear trouble on the scene the past or the future. She was excited and nervous during the engraving had exhaustified, and she had seen Mr. Bruce, as her husband's counsel, come to injure her cause, consigned herself to circumstances, and was now as composed and comfortable in her cell.

The number of pounds had procured her every thing she could, except her liberty: With a deep groan she sat down to her meal, resumed the writing of his letter. He had not written many minutes before he was interrupted by the opening of the door. He hastily concealed his writing under the blotting-paper, and sullenly turned to see who was the new intruder.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

for you. He will never come to you again. Oh, no—never."

"What do you mean?" he asked, with a scared look. "Don't tell me that anything has happened to my father; just now. Has that fellow murdered him?"

"He is dead, but not by violence."

Vernor covered his face with his hands, and she could see that he trembled in every fibre of his frame. Presently he looked up and bravely said:

"Then it's all up with me. A prisoner to those who know no mercy, and my father gone, there is no one to stand between me and destitution. I have ruined you too, Ethel; the remnant of property left to you will barely purchase your own safety."

"Don't talk of that now, Vernor," she gently replied; "I will stand by you to the last, and save you if I can."

Vernor was touched; he gloomily said:

"I have been a villain toward you, Ethel, and that is the truth! I bound you to me that I might gain possession of your fortune, which I have never declared with compassionate tenderness toward him. She put both her hands in his, and softly said:

"If the sacrifice of all I claim can save you, Vernor, I will cheerfully make it. Let us not anticipate evil; there is another power above us to look all our energies to overcome. Don't give up, dear Vernor. Have firm on; God is with us, and He will send us help in the darkest hour."

He bitterly said:

"You may trust in Him, for you are good and pure; but I—I dare not ask His protection, for in my hour of station I spurned the thought that I should ever need it."

Ethel wistfully regarded him. She knew that he had been a habitual scoffer at religion, and this, as such as anything else, had alienated her from him. In the depths of her pure heart she was confided deep reverence for sacred things, and the prayers offered by this single hour might have been borne by angels to the throne of grace as an incense worthy of the infinite purity that overshadows it.

Mrs. Methurn came in silently weeping. She placed her hand on Vernor's head and reverently said:

"The Lord has dealt with His creatures. Sir Hugh has escaped the evils we must rouse our courage to face."

"Oh, Aunt Agnes, if he could only have lived a few weeks longer, he might have been able to avert utter ruin from us all; but now, everything is lost. Here we are prisoners, with no power to prison, for Kirke will come back and take us all away with him."

"If it must be so, I can go. I will write to Gerald of the stroll we are in, and he and Miss Clyde may be able to help us."

If Jadoc reigned in his stead, perhaps they might, but I have no hope from that. Resign yourself to the worst, for Kirke is master now, and Jeffreys will sit in judgment upon us."

Mrs. Methurn shuddered. The reputation of Jeffreys was well known to her, and the thought of even appearing before him filled her with dismay.

The troopers here joined them, and rough as they were, they refrained from saying anything to the unhappy young man to whom fortune was cruelly. Ever they had some respect for the illness from of him who was so soon to be stay and protection of those before them. Vernor haughtily regarded them as he said:

"I may at least be permitted to go in and look upon my dead father for the last time. Free my fist that I may walk."

"If you'll promise not to make a dash, young man, no' try to get off, I'll do you that service," said Jacob.

"Stupid! what can I do with my hands thus pinioned? Am not two of you here to guard a bound man?"

The trooper grinned—

"I don't mind your calling me sich a name, cos I've proved sharper than you at the old gentleman to boot. But I 'vite ye to keep a civil tongue in yer head, for I'm kinda in want to a word and a blow, an' sometimes the last comes afore there's time to speak the first one."

Vernor savagely regarded him, but he only pointed to the cord that bound his feet and said nothing in reply. Jenes entered with his knife, and he stood an instant balancing in his mind the chances of some a trick.

While Ethel talked with him alone, she had slightly loosened the handkerchief with which his arms were bound, for the tension appeared painful, and a fierce, cruel countenance had convinced Vernor that he could release them with no more effort. He said:

"Now I am ready; one of you can hasp guard the door, while the other goes with me in the dressing room. I shall not be long."

The troopers exchanged glances, and Simpson took his station close beside the door; Vernor walked forward, followed by Jones, and his rapid glance took in the condition of the room. He whispered:

"Who guided you to yonder opening?"

My own wit, and the carelessness of those that came before me. The woman that was in here got away while I was watching her."

"What woman?" said Vernor, bewildered.

"Now should I know? One of the servants maybap, what knows the way up."

But the prisoner knew better, and like a flash, the remembrance of the strange Gipsy woman came to him. She had had such mysterious connection with his father; that she knew all the secret places of the house he was aware, and his heart grew faint within him as he remembered how she had kept upon his track for years past. could she have followed him to his present place of his destruction sure? Why she wished evil to him he did not know, but she was his deadly and unconquering enemy, he felt assured.

He approached the couch and bent down on the inanimate form that lay upon it, thinking less of his bereavement than of the means of escaping from the toils that were closing around him.

Jones peered through the opening in the wardrobe, and muttered some comment on its ingenuity. He found the saw, and said aloud:

"The gal got this, but how she brought it in I don't know. She's a sharp un, an' needs looking after a bit."

Vernor glared fiercely at him; the door communicating with the outer room had swung partly to; Jones was on his knees grasping in the wardrobe, and seizing the opportunity, he slipped the handkerchief from his arms, and at a bound, closed the door, turned the lock, and then sprang upon the trooper. As Jones arose, he struck him a heavy blow upon the head, dashed through the opening, and was half way across the garret before his man regained the stunned senses sufficiently to pursue him.

But Kirke's hunters were too hard-headed to be long bewildered even by such a blow as the one just dealt on the trooper's head, and as Vernor approached the stairway he heard his adversary in hot pursuit. Dashing wildly forward, he cleared the steps at a bound, landed on the chapel floor, and closed the panel.

As he paused to take breath, a figure emerged from behind a pillar, which he instantly recognized as that of the Gipsy Queen.

"What has brought you here?" he fiercely asked. "What were you doing in my father's room to-day? You have dogged my steps for years, and now you have come hither on an errand to destruction."

"You speak the truth," she recklessly replied. "The rope is made that will soon hang you, and I have done my best to put it around your neck, though you have bravely helped me yourself. The sleuth-hound is on your track, and you need not hope to escape him. You are rushing now upon your fate."

"Who are you? and why have you pursued me thus for evil?"

"The dead man that lies above, can no longer stand between us, and since your race is almost run, I will tell you what you wish to know. I am one who could have been your friend, Vernor, when every sacred pledge was given, and ruthlessly broken. My son is now your prisoner, and he is your elder brother; yet you have dared to strike him. Go on, Vernor Methurn, and fill the retribution due to your father's blood. I do not attempt to stop you, hasten before the avenger breaks down the wall, for he is still living as it at a fearful rate."

Jones, in the meanwhile, hammering against the panel with all his force, and as a crashing sound was heard at last, Vernor shouted hurriedly below, Vernor again bounded forward, and discappeared instantly from sight. The Gipsy Queen had no thought at that moment for the revelations she had made, for the sleuth-hound of Heaven was for his own safety.

The Gipsy again stepped behind the sheltering pillar, leaving Jones to force his way into the chapel. She had done her duty, and was in her power, for by this time her son must be at the station with the prisoners, and Jadoc would be in quest, and since nothing else would be gained by the day's work, she resolved to secure to her guards the reward offered for his brother's apprehension.

The trooper at length smashed the panel, and entered the chapel, but the bird had flown, and upon the floor. As he regained his feet, a confused sound of voices and cries arose from below the vaults, and before he could gain the stairs leading into them, a party of four men, led by Melchior, came into the chapel, the foremost with them as a prisoner. Vernor had gone out a few yards before, when he was seized upon and imprisoned him in such a manner as to render resistance ineffectual.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SECOND RAID ON PARK.

When Kirke had left Vernor, he divided his men into two squads, one of which kept watch over the prisoners, while the other proceeded to make demolition visits to some of the neighboring farmhouses and cottages suspected of the rebellion.

Melchoir found the pickets patrolling around the domain, and he speedily gave the officer in command the information he might require, and sought was safely caged within the old house. The first one he visited was Jeffreys, who was in the vaults, while the remainder gradually drew near to the walls and entrance, and formed a cordon of armed men.

Melchoir, who was sent to Kirke informing him of the arrest of Vernor, and of the imprisonment of Ethel and Mrs. Methurn, and the latter was brought in the chapel, he hastened up to the door followed by the remainder of his troop. Their lord was engaged in smoothing down the whole building with clamor, and their coming made, with many additional blows, a passage through the room of Sir Hugh, and traversed the corridor which led to the chapel. Ethel, in the chapel, and a gleam of firestorm ley lighted up his features as he saw the fair prisoner kneeling before him bound and helpless.

"Well, young sir, you see

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DAME ALLAN'S DREAM.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Nothing to ponder on, sitting alone—
Runs blakney pats by the children shown
On the garret floor,—underneath the eaves
Nine-quartered beds, and rather leaves.
A rattling board for the winter hail.
Shut was by many a wind-used nail.
Time's tooth had gnawed the roof-timbers through
Till the sun of the Indian Summer could
Through the ragged weave in a shady mood
Throw down its gold, and its shoon as bright
And tangled fretted with its shoon as bright
Dame Allen's clock in its ruby light.

By the gathered store on the farmer's wife,
Life and dreaming for soon in both;
The heroine not which her mind's first
Was of the future, and which the past.
For a journey he, though it seemed so brief,
She went, that day on a hickory bed
Fruit had indeed—but it made no hire
Full freight of thought to the boys there
Of the Long Ago where the fields' lay,
Like backward many a weary mile.

Ah! still through the pain of Life's journey
How we pass for a glimpse of Yesterday.
We see but in bits that flow into gulf
Through fleeting mists between us rolled,
Until its pain lost the Past,
Dimmed by eternal, cansing day.

He dreamed—

She walked in the land of the past,
Trust, honest and true, by her side
And,lips she and rosiest, half smiling to see
How fondly he thought as she thought
And the' through her bodies her heart told its joy,
Her greeting was sober and quiet and coy
While the seats took its cap from its curl sheltered head
And showed the wide forehead of which he said
"Should he gather her now?"

Well,—she didn't mind;
He might if he liked."

The basket was lined,
And Gregory knew, as he took the reins,
Where she sat like a queen by the kitchen fire.
But the bright cherry cheeks and the smile on his face
As his arm half attempted a lasting embrace;
And, nodding, she laughed as she answered above—
"The love-cup is full—for the sake of my love
Each Heart would clutch it."

With one supple bend
Leaped Gregory up from the half-gilded ground,
And strong as a tiger and quick as a cat,
Up high in the tangles of branches he went;
Till falcher his voice from the tall summit came,
And seemed like the note of a bird in the wood
Half-caught, breathless, she waited below
Till the fruit was all gathered and safely in store.
But a pear little pauser she stood whispering still—
"God save him and keep him from peril and ill!"
With glittering eye, with her mouth parted wide,
Hooked Gregory there to the split Autumn glee,
As he shouted to ask what the cousins should be
For the pettiest chink in the hickory tree.
Not a sixth! not a word!

He twisted a bough
To see how he slipped from the meadow now!
Like a trap, and a branch, to which his hand clings
Broke suddenly, a moment in mid-air of wings
Left it beside—he is down!—

Faithful Gregory lay
Like a stone at her feet and Autumn day
Stealing with terror she knelt by him now,
And tears and sobs dropped on his pale brow.
And half in a swoon, half in fear, she cried out,
While the moanings of pain in the wide hay-space
And the eyes opened wearily. Ah—bending thus,
There was sad consolation in Mother-pain.
Till over his face was the ghost of a smile
That murdered by pain and fainted the while.
The sweet shun the lips crossing light on the teeth
Held pale with its grandeur that partial breath.
For clustered at shoulder and wounded at knee,
Her Gregory there by the fallen tree.
But on the old woodsman had come at her cry.
He made her stand back as he raised him,
Most tender she bowed him
Over her knee and bent her head on his breast.
Two looked at the house and the path all at once,
And a burden is all—

Dame Allen was waiting,
As time for a dream when a bottom was breaking.
Little guessed she as yet that the end of her day
Through horror and grief had come to stay.
Not a word was to her little woman had gone
At she sat in the queen settle by the fire.
Or how a pain leaf from a kitchen tree
Had told her a tale of the woods.
But he patted her cheek with his tall-bearded hand,
And called her the comfort-child with the kind
And the low gentle words, ran rare with him now,
Brought on again. I can find the path clear and bare,
As easy to be found with stepping she went,
Then bent fondling down with a pleased content.
And that stout Gregory wondered the while
Why Susan its wife should sadden and smile.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 53.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

ADVENTURE WITH A JAVA ROCK-SNAKE.

Captain Manson was a famous specimen of the Yankee sailor—a man of middle age; about the medium height; stout of frame and of a large body; with thick sandy hair; a light, bluish gray eye; and with a florid, full face, upon which beamed the genial light of an open, social soul; but his face was not pock-marked, for he could look as stern and savage as a sailor when his commander to look; and we to that man who wantonly trifled with him or betrayed his confidence. He was never cruel to his men—never exacted unjust tasks of them—but he was strict in his discipline, and his will was a law from which there was no appeal. I had known him in Boston, years before; and when I found myself, on the present occasion, sought companionship in his cabin, it seemed as though our acquaintance had been interrupted only for a day full of story and anecdote, and as we told him of our adventures in Africa, it was one of equally interesting adventures of his crew. He had used the rifle in his day, and spent a part of his time in his bunk was a huge tiger-skin which he assured me was a trophy of his skill.

One evening, as we sat together in the cabin, I told to Captain Manson the story of our capture of the royal python, and also related to him the incidents of my fearful encounter with the pitchakole at Boja. I noticed that he shuddered several times during the recital of my story, and he said when I had concluded he looked pale and nervous. The scene and went in one of the lockers in the bulkhead, and brought out a case of wine; and when he came back he seemed to have regained his wonted composure.

"Gentlemen," said he, after he had removed his cork, "I can tell you a story of a snake that I once had almost equal to that of the valley of Boja."

We were anxious to hear his story, and having stopped to the companion-way to command that all sail was right on deck, he returned and commenced as follows:

"Twelve years ago I commanded the ship Windaway, of Salem. We discharged our cargo at Calcutta, and proceeded to Sumatra, where we took in a cargo of pepper, a load of coffee, rice and spices. We had taken in the coffee and rice; and on this spice had to be brought from a district back toward the mountains, we were forced to wait for it. One day, after dinner, I proposed to my first mate that we should take our rifles and go out into the forest. This mate's name was Haskell. He was a stout, hearty fellow, hailing from Bangor, and about as much at home in the forest as he was upon the sea. He gladly accepted my proposal, and we at once set forth, armed with a rifle each and a brace of pistols.

"The land in the immediate vicinity of Sumatra is low and marshy; but back, in a south-westerly direction, there is quite a forest, where we expected to find plenty of game. We knew that wild hogs were numerous, and that several species of antelopes roamed in the woods near the mountains; and we furthermore knew that leopards and tigers abounded. The tiger of Java is fully the equal, in size and strength, of the royal beast of Bengal. We did not propose to hunt these monster fellows, however, though we had no objections to pulling a fair shot at one or two of them.

"We took leave at the town and rode to the edge of the forest, some ten or twelve miles distant, where we left the animals in charge of a Dutch gardener, proceeding beyond that on foot. This forest was thick and gloomy; but there was no difficulty in making one's way through it, as the wild hogs and antelopes had been engaged for ages in travelling paths through its depths. We had seen a rifle, or so, into the wood, when we started up a drove of hogs, and shot two of them. These we covered up with the leaves and sticks, and then have ahead again. In half an hour after this Haskell discovered a pair of large antelopes about quarter of a mile off. We were both good shots at such a small hill, and these fellows were seen through a long opening, grazing by a brook in the wild forest. We knew if we would capture them that they must be very cautious how we approached them; so I directed Haskell to creep down one way, while I went down another, and each took to the cover of the woods, and crept on as secretly that I came within a hundred yards of the fellows without disturbing them. That was near enough for a shot, I thought, and I concluded to give them a taste of lead. I did not know where my mate was, and I did not like to wait for him, as I was afraid that one or so of I let drive at the game. One of the antelopes gave his head a toss, and commenced to run, but lighting; but the one at which I had fired was disabled, and we quickly succeeded in putting a finishing touch to it with the short hunting knife in my belt. We then shouldered the game and started on as I had imagined. As I came within a few yards of him he turned and sank off into the woods. I reloaded my rifle in a hurry, and then gave chase, thinking that I should overtake the fellow without much trouble. I plunged on through the deep wood, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes I came to the open space by a big tank; but his sight was as quick as mine, and before I could bring my rifle to my shoulder he was off in a thicket, and I pulled after him again. I could hear him crashing along not many yards ahead of me, and I did my best, for I was determined that he should not escape me if I could help it. Twice after this I had him in sight within easy shooting to fire; but the third time I brought him down with a bullet straight through his heart. He was a fat, noble fellow, with long, arching horns, and as I placed my foot upon his side I thought what a nice broil I would have from his rump.

"But what should I do with that and the one Haskell? In short, where was I? I could not lug the animal about. Perhaps my mate could do was to cover the carcass up, and mark the spot, and then I would return for him. But before proceeding to this work I called for my companion. Hallo! Haskell!' I shouted as loud as I could, but no answer from Haskell. I paused for a few minutes, and then shouted and blew it up, and find him when I could. I covered up my dead antelope, and having marked the spot so that I might be sure of finding it again, I started back to make my way out of the forest, for my mate had been gone a long time, and had been pretty nearly used up. I supposed I was in that part of the wood that I started in as possible. I guess I had gone a mile, perhaps more, when I came to a large tree that stood out in among the trees like a small castle. I had certainly passed it when I started in, and I concluded that I was in the wrong path. I stopped and called for Haskell, but there was only answer I got was the echo of my own voice.

"What should I do? I was sure now that I was steering on the right course that I had not thought of before, and I was sure that when I watched that object for a bearing, I found that I was going in a direct line with my chronometer, and found it to be past seven o'clock in the evening. Once more I called for Haskell; and when I found that I could gain no answer, I fired my rifle in the air, hoping that he heard it, that he would discharge his in return; but no response was forthcoming. I was getting awfully anxious, and considering the points of the compass, as I carried them in my mind, I struck out course, and pushed on again. In half an hour I brought up upon the margin of a boggy stream, which I knew I had not passed in the morning, and which I knew was not in my